



ATLAS COMICS

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25c

# THE BRUTE

TM



IS HE MAN, APE, OR MONSTER?

READ **THE NIGHT OF THE BRUTE!**



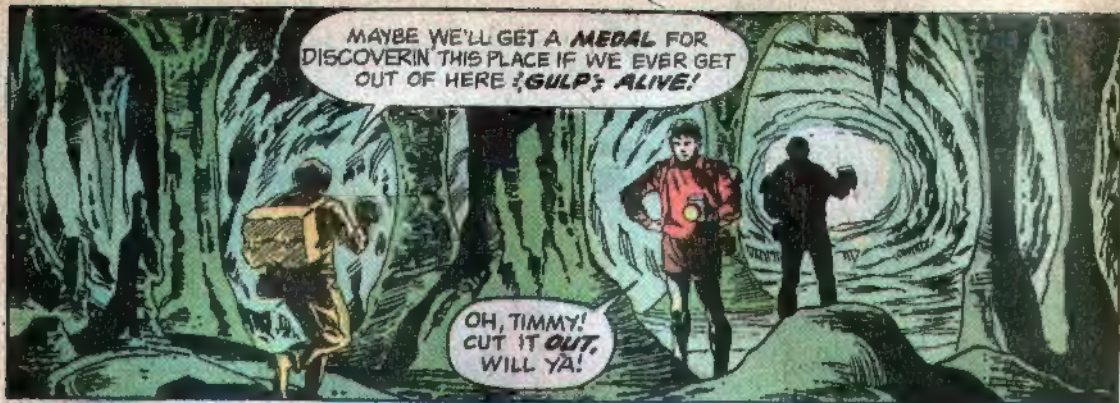
OUR STORY  
BEGINS HERE,  
AT THE LIME-  
STONE CAVES  
OUTSIDE  
HARGRAVE  
MINNESOTA,  
IN THE SPRING  
OF 1975...

D: DO YOU REALLY  
THINK WE OUGHT TO  
GO IN THERE, KEN?

WHY NOT? WE'RE **EXPLORERS**,  
AREN'T WE? WELL, HERE'S SOME-  
THING WE CAN REALLY **EXPLORE!**







MAYBE WE'LL GET A MEDAL FOR  
DISCOVERIN THIS PLACE IF WE EVER GET  
OUT OF HERE {GULP} ALIVE!

OH, TIMMY!  
CUT IT OUT,  
WILL YA!



IT SURE IS A  
BIG CAVE! I WONDER  
IF ANYONE--

{GASP}  
WHAT WAS  
THAT?

SCREEEEEEEE



IT'S ONLY A BAT, YOU  
CRYBABY! NOW C'MON!  
EXPLORERS LIKE US  
AREN'T AFRAID OF  
ANYTHING!

YEAH, TIMMY!  
STOP BEING A  
COWARD!



AARRGGH!

KEN! LARRY! PLEASE!  
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!  
THAT SOUNDED LIKE A...  
A BEAR!

O-OR MAYBE  
EVEN A MONSTER!



ALL RIGHT! M-MAYBE WE'D  
BETTER--

{GASP}  
L'LOOK!

HUNH?

WH-WHAT IS IT? I-IS IT  
A MAN, OR SOMETHING  
{GULP} ELSE?

AARRGGH!



AND THEN SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING, IT IS UPON THEM, A HIDEOUS THING FROM OUT OF THE DARK-  
NESS, A NIGHTMARISH BEAST FROM THE VERY DAWN OF TIME. POOR LITTLE TIMMY NEVER HAS A  
CHANCE, FOR A HARSH FATE HAS DECREED THAT HE IS TO BECOME THE FIRST OF THE MANY MANGLED  
VICTIMS ON THIS UNFORGETTABLE...

# NIGHT OF THE BRUTE!





THE TWO YOUNG BOYS STAND FROZEN WITH HORROR AS THE SNARLING MAN-BRUTE HURLS POOR TIMMY WITH SAVAGE FORCE, SMASHING HIM LIKE A RAG-DOLL AGAINST THE CAVERN WALL...



LARRY RUNS SCREAMING FROM THE CAVE, HIS LEGS CHURNING MADLY AND HIS LUNGS GASPING FOR AIR. BEHIND HIM HE CAN HEAR KEN'S BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM, SUDDENLY CUT SHORT BY THE HIDEOUS THUD OF A MIGHTY BOULDER AND THE SICKENING CRUNCH OF FRAGILE BONE...





**B**UT  
WHAT  
MANNER OF  
CREATURE  
IS THIS  
MURDEROUS,  
BLOOD-THIRSTY  
MONSTER?  
IS HE MAN  
OR ANIMAL?  
BEAST OR  
SOMETHING  
WORSE THAN  
BEAST?  
AND HOW DID  
HE COME TO  
INHABIT  
THIS LONELY  
MOUNTAIN  
CAVE?

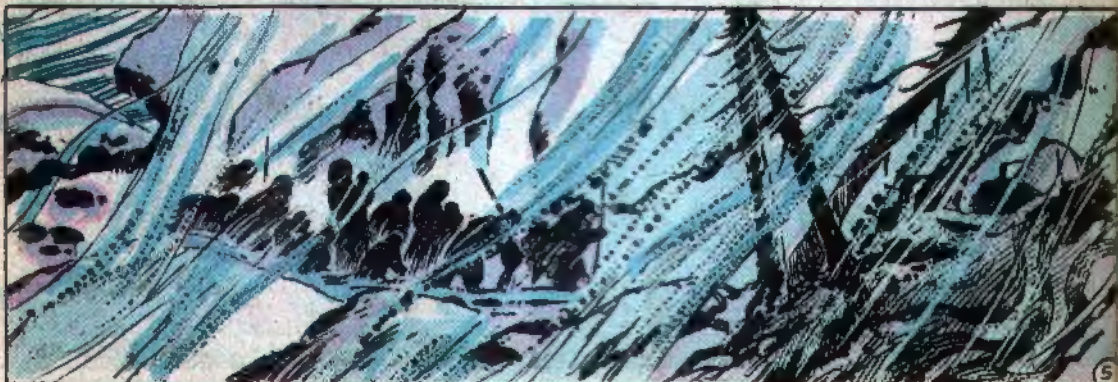
**F**OR ANSWERS WE MUST ROLL BACK THE EONS TO AN AGE OF THE GREAT MASTODONS,  
LONG BEFORE MANKIND HAD SET FOOT UPON THE EARTH...



**F**OR THOSE WERE THE DAYS OF THE BESTIAL SUB-HUMANS, A SPAN OF COUNTLESS CENTURIES WHEN  
NATURE CREATED SCORES OF RACES MIDWAY BETWEEN APE AND MAN...



**T**HEN CAME THE EPOCH OF THE GREAT GLACIERS AND, AS THE CLIMATE COOLED, THE GREAT BEAST-  
MEN FLED SOUTHWARD TO ESCAPE THE RELENTLESS ADVANCE OF TOWERING MOUNTAINS OF ICE...





WITH THE CLIMATE BECOMING STEADILY COLDER AND INDIFFERENT TO THE FATE OF LIVING THINGS, WHO CAN SAY WHY THIS LONE BEAST-CREATURE CHOSE TO STAY BEHIND, OR HOW HE MANAGED TO SURVIVE SO LONG...?



WHO CAN SAY WHAT BEASTS HE HUNTED...



...OR WHAT MISHAP BEFELL HIM, CAUSING HIM TO COLLAPSE AND SINK INTO THE FREEZING SNOW...?



SEASONS PASSED AS THE SUB-ZERO ICE BLANKET MOVED RELENTLESSLY SOUTHWARD, FREEZING ALL OF CANADA AND NORTH AMERICA AND IMPRISONING THE SLEEPING MAN-BEAST IN A SOLID BLOCK OF TRANSLUCENT ICE...



CENTURIES PASSED AND STILL THE GLACIERS BORE SOUTHWARD, GRINDING MOUNTAIN CHAINS INTO GRAVEL...CREATING VALLEYS AND GREAT LAKES...AND CARVING LABYRINTHINE CAVERNS IN THE FACES OF GREAT STONE CLIFFS, AND STILL THE BEAST-CREATURE MOVED WITH THEM, FROZEN SUSPENDED IN HIS GREAT ICE PRISON...





EONS CAME AND EONS WENT. THE ATMOSPHERE WARMED AGAIN AND THE GLACIERS WITHDREW, LEAVING THE GREAT MAN-BEAST FROZEN IMMOBILE IN THE SUB-ZERO VASTNESS OF A MINNESOTA CAVERN...



AND THAT IS WHERE HE MIGHT HAVE STAYED FOREVER, A MUTE WITNESS TO ALL ETERNITY, HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR MAN AND THE ACHIEVEMENTS HE CALLS...**PROGRESS**...



BUT THE DIFFERENCE THAT THE POWER PLANT MADE WAS REAL ENOUGH TO THE BEAST-MAN. FOR AS THE LIMESTONE CAVERN WARMED, SLOWLY BUT PERCEPTIBLY, THE ICE MASS IN WHICH HE SLEPT BEGAN TO MELT...



AND SOON HE WAS ALIVE...AND FREE...AND HUNGRY. HE YEARNED TO HUNT THE GREAT MASTODONS, BUT THE GREAT MASTODONS HAD VANISHED FROM THE EARTH...





THERE WERE RATS AND MICE IN THE CAVE, AND SO TO KEEP ALIVE, HE HUNTED THEM. BUT TODAY HE FOUND A NEW PREY--



MEANWHILE, IN A LOCAL HOSPITAL SOME MILES FROM THE CAVERN...

YOU CAN SEE HIM FOR A FEW MINUTES, CHIEF FRAZIER, BUT I WARN YOU! HE'S STILL PRETTY HYSTERICAL!

I UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR.



HAS HE SAID ANYTHING SPECIAL, DOCTOR?

INDEED HE **HAS**, DR. TURNER! HE SAYS THAT A BLUE-SKINNED BEAST-MAN KILLED HIS TWO BROTHERS IN A CAVE UP NEAR HARGRAVE -- AND NEARLY SUCCEEDED IN KILLING HIM!



BUT COME ON! I SUPPOSE IT WOULD BE BETTER TO LET YOU HEAR WHAT HE HAS TO SAY FOR YOURSELVES!

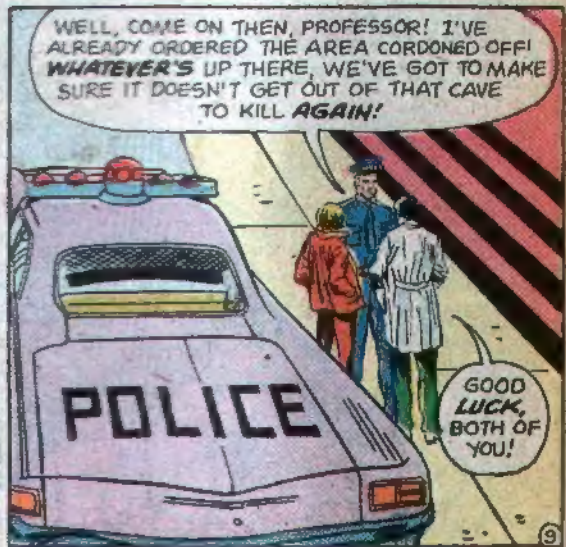


**HELP! HELP! RUN, TIMMY! RUN, KEN! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!**



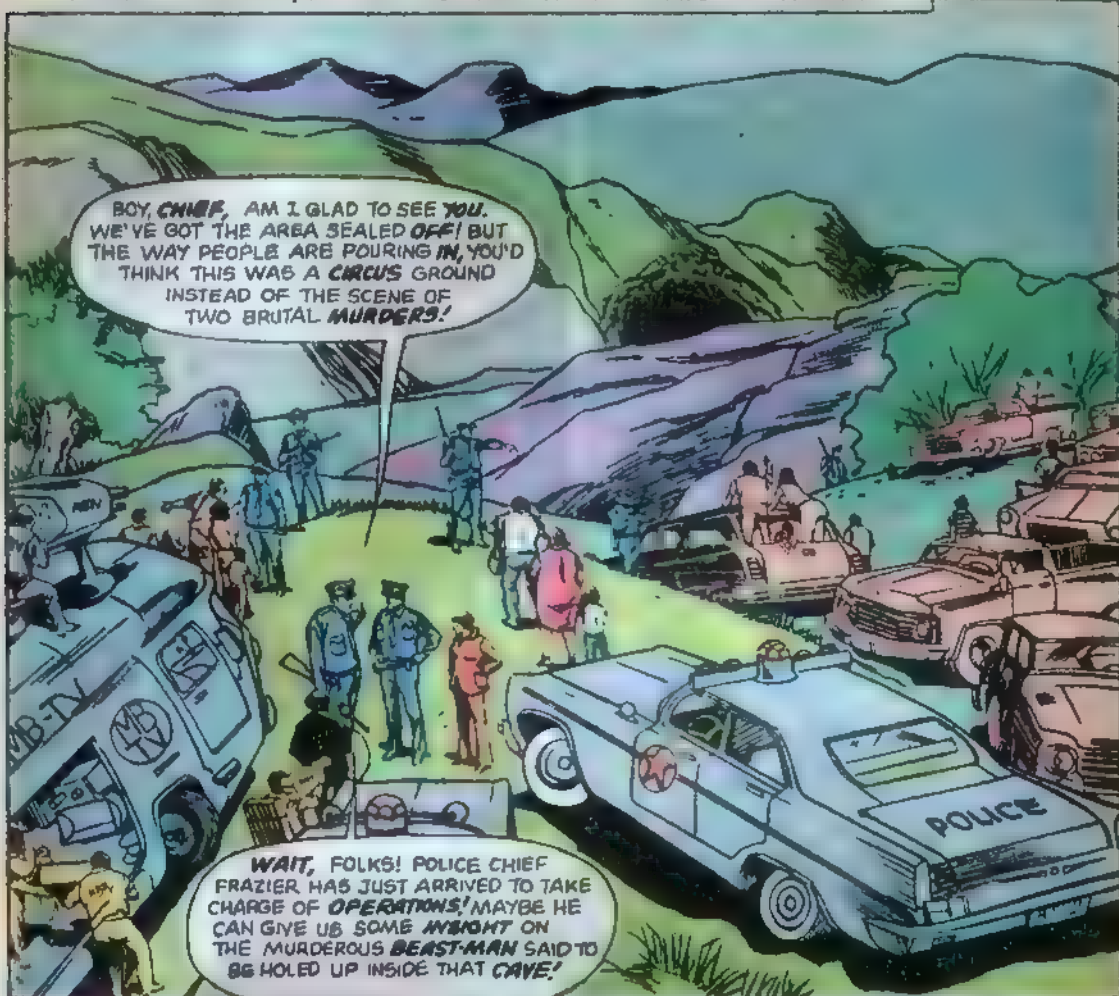
EASY, LARRY! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID ANYMORE! YOU'RE SAFE NOW! YOU'RE IN A HOSPITAL! YOU KNOW NOTHING CAN HURT YOU HERE, DON'T YOU?







RUMOR OF THE MAN-BEAST TRAVELS SWIFTLY. BY THE TIME CHIEF FRAZIER AND HIS COMPANION ARRIVE AT THE CAVE, THE AREA IS ALIVE WITH FRENZIED EXCITEMENT







WE'VE GOT TO CAPTURE IT **ALIVE**--SO THAT WE CAN STUDY IT FOR CLUES TO THE SECRET OF MAN-KIND'S **ORIGIN!**

THAT'S EASY ENOUGH FOR **YOU** TO SAY! IT WASN'T **YOUR** SONS WHO WERE **KILLED** BY THAT CREATURE!



ARE YOU THE **FATHER** OF THE SLAIN BOYS, SIR?

**YES! YES, I AM! AND AS LONG AS THERE'S BREATH IN MY BODY, I INTEND TO SEE TO IT THAT THE MONSTER'S DESTROYED, JUST... JUST AS MY SONS WERE DESTROYED!**



MOMENTS LATER... THERE'S AN OPEN **FISSURE** LEADING RIGHT DOWN INTO THE **C** **CHIEF!** IT'LL BE A GOOD PLACE TO DROP THE **TEAR-GAS** CANNISTERS!

GOOD! GO TO IT!



DON'T THAT MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO TRY TO **RAP IT ALIVE**, CHIEF?

**YES, IT DOES! NOW, PLEASE! THIS IS SERIOUS BUSINESS! I WANT YOU ALL TO STAY BACK AND GIVE MY MEN ROOM TO DO THEIR WORK!**



THERE THEY GO, FOLKS! THEY'VE DROPPED **TEAR-GAS** INTO THE CAVE! ANY **MINUTE** NOW WE SHOULD--



**ARRGHH!**

**WAIT! THERE HE IS! TH- THE RUMORS ARE TRUE! OH, MY GOD!! WHAT... WHAT A HIDEOUS BRUTE!**





HOLD TIGHT, FOLKS!  
WE'RE GOING TO SEE  
IF WE CAN GET YOU A  
SPECTACULAR CLOSE-  
UP SHOT OF THE  
BRUTE!

COME ON,  
CHARLIE!

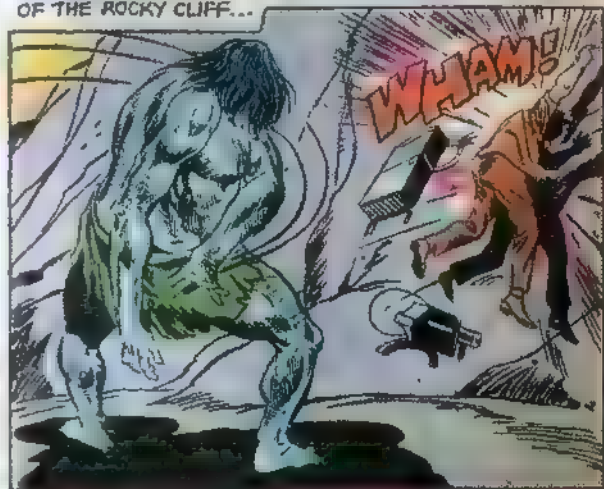
YOU  
STUPID  
FOOL!

STAY  
BACK!

BUT IN HIS EAGERNESS TO PHOTOGRAPH THE BRUTE  
AT CLOSE RANGE, THE RECKLESS TVCAMERAMAN STEPS A  
SHADE CLOSER THAN HE SHOULD HAVE DARED...



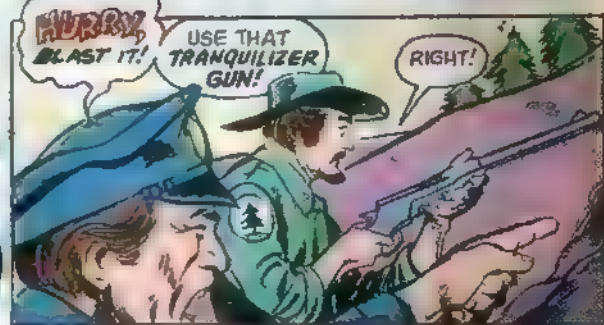
...AND SHRIEKS PITEOUSLY AS THE BRUTE BASHES  
HIS BODY TO GORY SMITHEREENS AGAINST THE WALL  
OF THE ROCKY CLIFF...



HURRY!  
BLAST IT!

USE THAT  
TRANQUILIZER  
GUN!

RIGHT!



AS THE WELL-AIMED TRANQUILIZER DART FINDS ITS MARK,  
THE BEAST-MAN UNLEASHES A ROAR OF BRUTAL  
DEFIANCE...





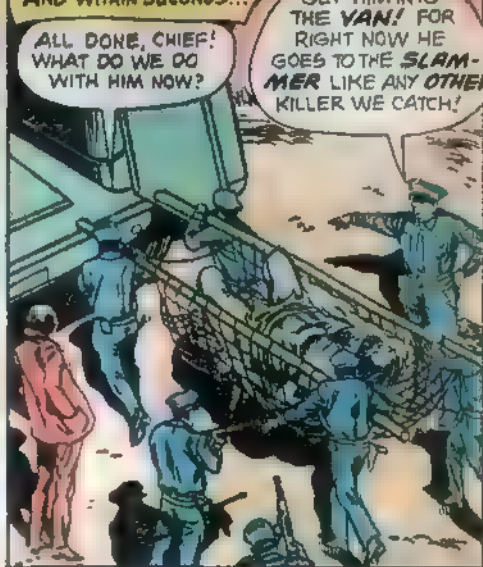
...AND THEN TOPPLES UNCONSCIOUS WITH A FEARSOME THUD!



WELL DONE, CHIEF FRAZIER! NOW QUICKLY GET THE MEY OVER HIM!

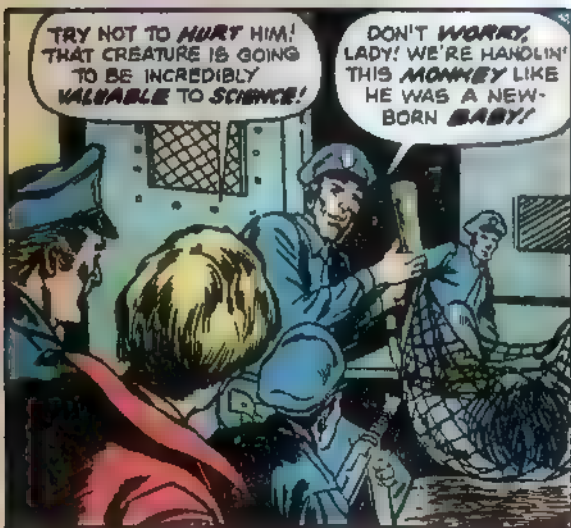
YOU HEARD HER! MOVE IT!

AND WITHIN SECONDS...



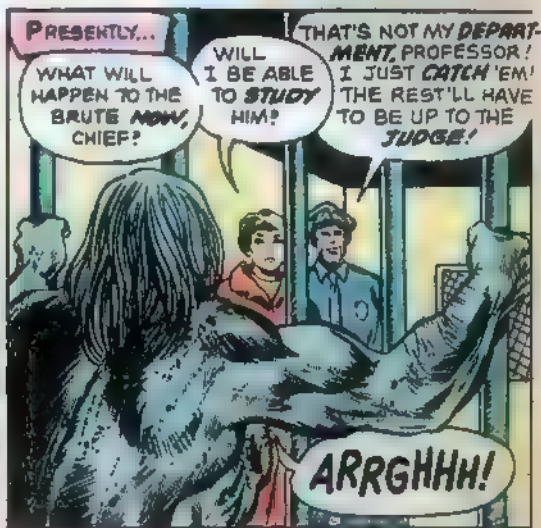
ALL DONE, CHIEF! WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM NOW?

GET HIM INTO THE VAN! FOR RIGHT NOW HE GOES TO THE SLAMMER LIKE ANY OTHER KILLER WE CATCH!



TRY NOT TO HURT HIM! THAT CREATURE IS GOING TO BE INCREDIBLY VALUABLE TO SCIENCE!

DON'T WORRY, LADY! WE'RE HANDLIN' THIS MONKEY LIKE HE WAS A NEW-BORN BABY!



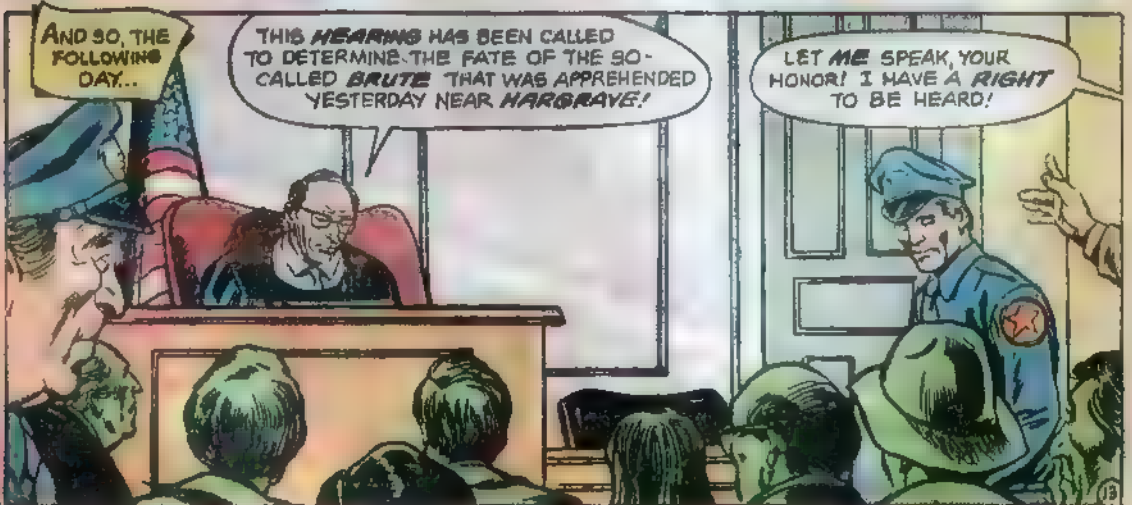
PRESENTLY...

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE BRUTE NOW, CHIEF?

WILL I BE ABLE TO STUDY HIM?

THAT'S NOT MY DEPARTMENT, PROFESSOR! I JUST CATCH 'EM! THE REST'LL HAVE TO BE UP TO THE JUDGE!

ARRGHHH!

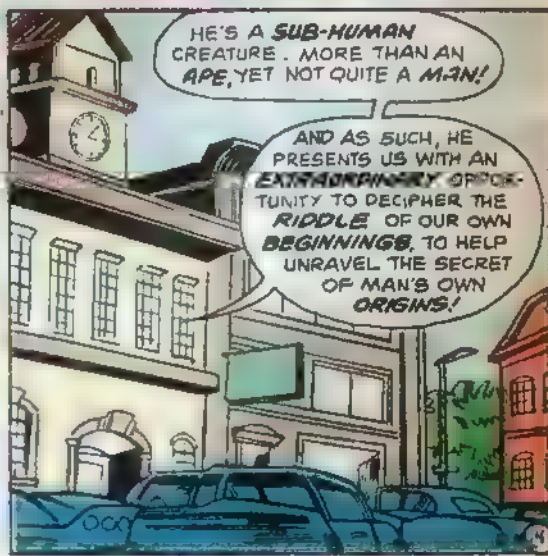
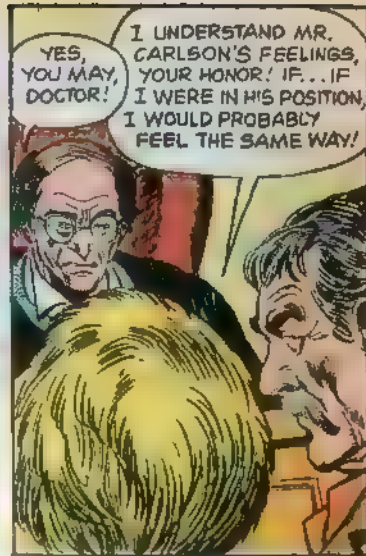


AND SO, THE FOLLOWING DAY...

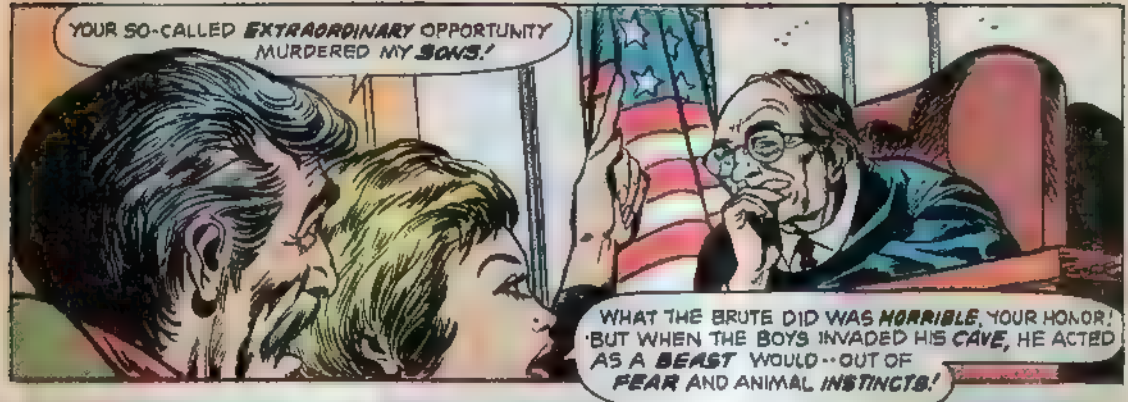
THIS HEARING HAS BEEN CALLED TO DETERMINE THE FATE OF THE SO-CALLED BRUTE THAT WAS APPREHENDED YESTERDAY NEAR HARGRAVE!

LET ME SPEAK, YOUR HONOR! I HAVE A RIGHT TO BE HEARD!









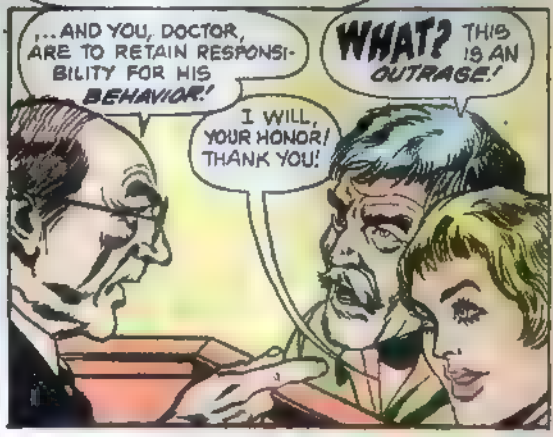
YOUR SO-CALLED **EXTRAORDINARY** OPPORTUNITY MURDERED MY **SONS!**

WHAT THE BRUTE DID WAS **HORRIBLE**, YOUR HONOR! BUT WHEN THE BOYS INVADDED HIS CAVE, HE ACTED AS A **BEAST** WOULD...OUT OF **FEAR** AND ANIMAL **INSTINCTS!**



ALL I ASK, YOUR HONOR, IS A CHANCE TO **STUDY** THE BRUTE...IN **CAPTIVITY!**

ALL RIGHT, DR. TURNER! I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU! BUT THE BRUTE MUST REMAIN UNDER CAREFUL **GUARD...**



...AND YOU, DOCTOR, ARE TO RETAIN RESPONSIBILITY FOR HIS **BEHAVIOR!**

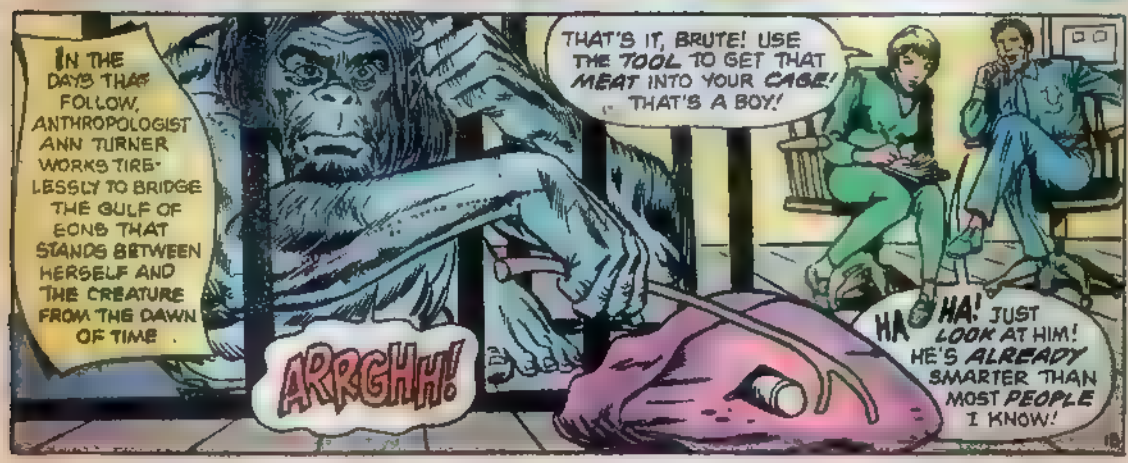
**WHAT?** THIS IS AN **OUTRAGE!**

I WILL, YOUR HONOR! THANK YOU!



MARK MY **WORDS!** YOU'LL ALL BE **SORRY** YOU DID THIS!

SOMEHOW THAT BRUTE WILL GET **LOOSE...** AND WHEN HE DOES, HE'LL **KILL AGAIN!**



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, ANTHROPOLOGIST ANN TURNER WORKS TIRELESSLY TO BRIDGE THE GULF OF **EGGS** THAT STANDS BETWEEN HERSELF AND THE CREATURE FROM THE DAWN OF TIME

THAT'S IT, BRUTE! USE THE **TOOL** TO GET THAT **MEAT** INTO YOUR **CAGE!** THAT'S A **BOY!**

**ARRGH!**

**HA HA!** JUST LOOK AT HIM! HE'S **ALREADY** SMARTER THAN MOST **PEOPLE** I KNOW!



**T**HE DAYS STRETCH IN-TO WEEKS AND THE WEEKS IN-TO MONTHS. STEP BY PAINSTAKING STEP, THE DEDICATED ANTHRO-POLOGIST FORGES A BOND OF UNDER-STANDING BETWEEN HERSELF AND THE BRUTE...



GOOD LORD! DR TURNER, ARE YOU SURE THAT'S **SAFE?**

WHY **SHOULDN'T** IT BE, CHIEF FRAZIER? WE'RE USING A **BEACH BALL**, NOT A **MEDICINE BALL!**

BUT LATE ONE NIGHT...



ALL RIGHT, BRUTE! THAT'S ENOUGH TRAINING FOR ONE DAY! I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN TOMORROW!

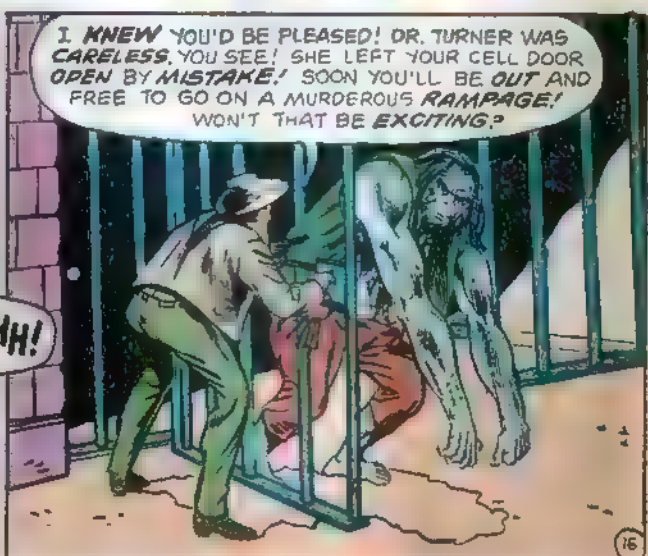


AND THEN...



SEE THESE **KEYS**, BRUTE? I'M GOING TO LET YOU **OUT!** ISN'T THAT **NICE?**

ARGHHH!



I **KNEW** YOU'D BE PLEASED! DR. TURNER WAS **CARELESS**, YOU SEE! SHE LEFT YOUR CELL DOOR **OPEN BY MISTAKE!** SOON YOU'LL BE **OUT** AND **FREE** TO GO ON A **MURDEROUS RAMPAGE!** WON'T THAT BE **EXCITING?**



COME ON **OUT**, BRUTE! YOU'RE **FREE!**  
MAYBE AFTER YOU'VE **KILLED** A FEW MORE  
PEOPLE, THEY'LL SEE I WAS **RIGHT** ABOUT  
YOUR BEING A **MENACE** AND GIVE YOU  
THE FATE YOU SO  
JUSTLY **DESERVE!**

ARRGHHH!

WHY, JUST **LOOK** AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE  
TO YOUR FRIEND **DR. TURNER!** SHE'LL BE  
LUCKY IF SHE DOESN'T HAVE A **CON-**  
**CUSSION** AFTER THAT **BLOW** YOU  
GAVE HER!

BUT AS  
THE BRUTE  
GAZES DOWN  
ON THE LIMP  
FORM  
OF THE  
UNCONSCIOUS  
ANTHRO-  
POLOGIST, A  
LOW GROWL  
WELLS UP IN  
THE BACK  
OF HIS  
THROAT AND  
HIS EYES  
GLOW RED  
WITH BESTIAL  
VIOLENCE...

GRROWRR!

H-HEY! WH-WHAT  
ARE YOU  
GETTING **ANGRY** FOR?  
I'M THE ONE WHO'S  
LETTING YOU **OUT**,  
REMEMBER?

GRROWR!

ST-STAY BACK!  
STAY BACK OR...OR  
I'LL SHOOT!

A-ALL RIGHT! YOU  
ASKED FOR IT!

BLAM! BLAM!



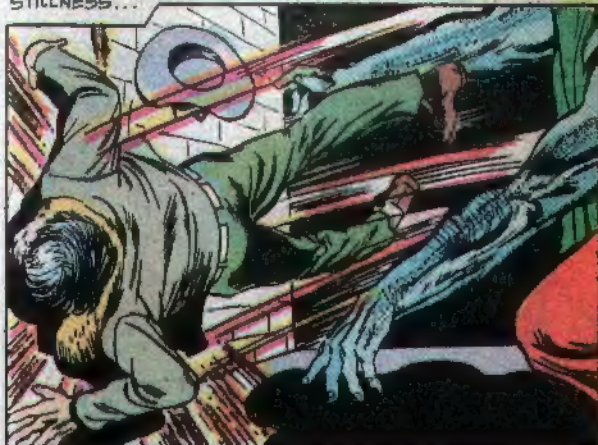
FOR A MOMENT THE BRUTE STANDS MOTIONLESS, STUNNED BY TWIN FLASHES OF WHITE-HOT PAIN AS CARLSON'S BULLETS SMASH INTO HIS MASSIVE SHOULDER...



AND THEN THE PAIN PASSES AND THE BRUTE LUMBERS FORWARD, HIS LIP CURLED IN A SNARL OF VENGEANCE...



THERE IS THE UNNERVING SOUND OF SHATTERED BONE AS THE BRUTE HURLS HIS TORMENTOR AGAINST THE CONCRETE WALL BEFORE SHAMBLING OFF INTO THE NIGHTTIME STILLNESS...



AND SOMETIME LATER...





PRESENTLY...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A *DETECTIVE* TO SEE WHAT *HAPPENED* HERE, CHIEF! CARLSON HIT ME AND THEN LET THE BRUTE *OUT*--PROBABLY HOPING YOUR MEN WOULD EVENTUALLY *SHOOT* HIM! BUT HIS PLAN *BACKFIRED* AND--

IT SURE *DID*, POOR DEVIL! BUT THAT DOESN'T CHANGE *MY* JOB!

THE BRUTE'S A *KILLER* AND THAT MEANS HE'S GOT TO BE BROUGHT IN...

*DEAD OR ALIVE!*

PLEASE CHIEF! YOU'VE GOT TO--

*HANK!* CALL THE STATE POLICE! ROUN UP EVERY MAN YOU CAN! I WANT THAT BRUTE *FOUND!* AND DON'T LOSE ANY MORE LIVES *DOING IT!* UNDERSTAND?

LATER THAT DAY...

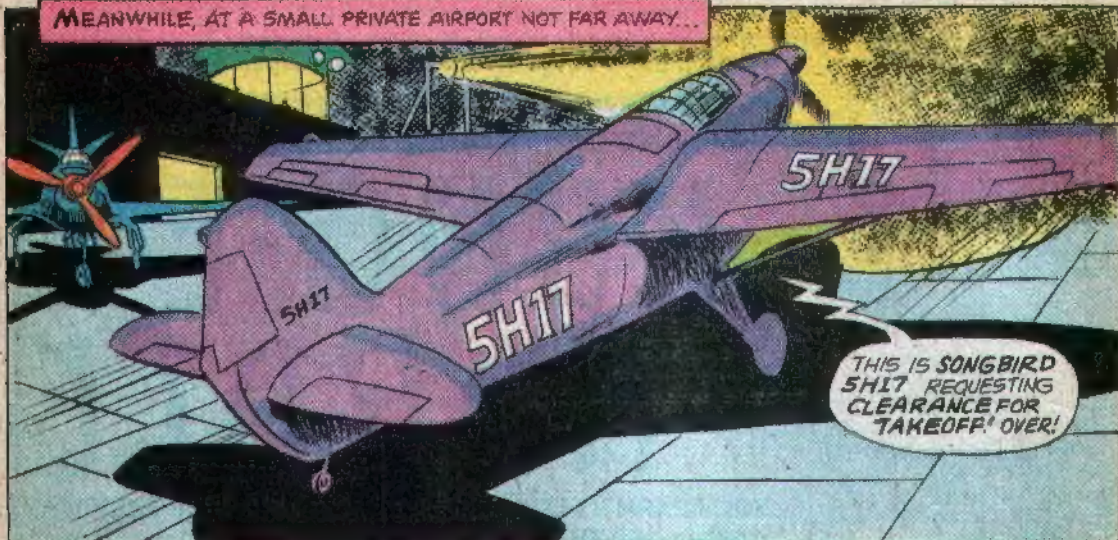
CHIEF FRAZIER HAS TOLD ME WHAT *HAPPENED*, DR. TURNER, BUT THAT DOES NOT EXCUSE *YOU!* YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE *RESPONSIBLE* FOR THE BRUTE, AND NOW HE'S *LOOSE* AGAIN!

I-I'M SORRY, YOUR HONOR!

YOUR BEING SORRY DOESN'T CHANGE *ANY-THING!* THE MONSTER HAS ALREADY KILLED *FOUR* PEOPLE! NOW HE'S GOT TO BE *DESTROYED* BEFORE HE CAN KILL AGAIN!



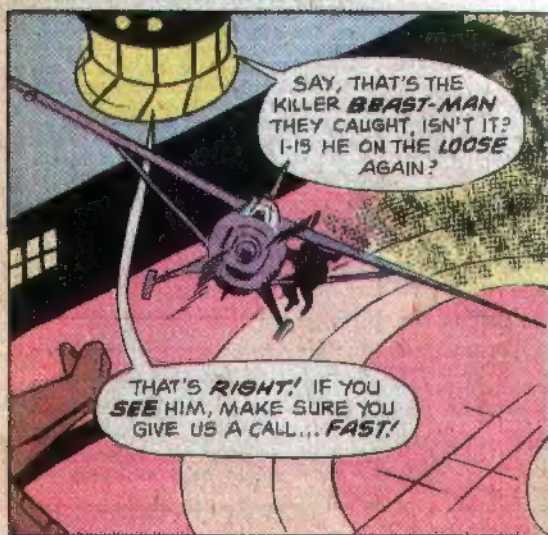
MEANWHILE, AT A SMALL PRIVATE AIRPORT NOT FAR AWAY...



THANKS, BILL!



I SURE HAVEN'T!



THAT'S RIGHT! IF YOU SEE HIM, MAKE SURE YOU GIVE US A CALL... FAST!

AND THE PLANE WINGS SKYWARD UNAWARE OF AN UNUSUAL STOWAWAY...

